INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the

POSTURE & PROGRESS OF

His Maties Forces at Sea,

Under the Command of

His Highneſs Royal.

Together with the

BATTEL & VICTORY

Obtained over the *Dutch*, *June* 3. 1665.

Ut, qui vos, Imperatores veſtros, & Anglorum *Res geſtas ſemper ornavit, Humanitate veſtrâ levatus, potius quam acerbitate violatus eſſe videatur.*

Cicero pro Arch. Poet.

By EDM. WALLER *Eſq;*

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HIS HIGHNESS ROYAL.

Together with

The Battel and Victory obtained over the *Dutch*
June 3. 1665.

FIrst draw the Sea, That portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is seen;
Here place the *British*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vast Floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:
Draw the whole World, expecting who shall Raign,
After this Combate, o're the Conquer'd Main;
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual Star
Declare th' Importance of th' approaching War:
Make the Sea shine with Gallantry, and all
The *English* Youth flock to their Admiral,

The Valiant Duke, whoſe early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in Conduct ſhow'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'reſt draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cauſe.

Let thy Bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage ſpread
Through the whole Navy, by that *Heroe* led;
Make all appear, where ſuch a Prince is by,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glorious Mind
Make the proud Sails ſwell, more than with the Wind;
Preventing Cannon, Make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their Prey,
Stop when they find a Lion in their way.
Make Him beſtride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His Conſent, to uſe the Sea and Wind:
While His tall Ships in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the *Indies* in His Armed Hand.

Paint an Eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' Excuſe of *Holland* for their Navies ſtay;
Make them look pale, and the Bold Prince to ſhun,
Through the cold North, and Rocky Regions run;
To find the Coaſt where Morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* ſteers,

Confeſsing

Confeſsing now, He dreads the *Engliſh*, more
Then all the Dangers of a Frozen Shore,
While from our Arms ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the Day behind:
Deſcribe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our firſt Succeſs in War, make *Bacchus* Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:
The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandee loſe,
Diſarm'd of that, from which their Courage grows;
While the glad *Engliſh*, to relieve their Toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the Spoil:
His high Command to *Africk's* Coaſt extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *Engliſh* bend,
Thoſe Barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions ſuch, as we are pleas'd to give;
Deſerted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great buſineſs do;
Falſe Friends chaſtiſe, and common Foes reſtrain,
Which worſe then Tempeſts did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe Streights make *Hollands Smyrna*-Fleet
With a ſmall Squadron of the *Engliſh* meet;
Like Falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous Flock,
Of Fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the Shock;

There paint Confuſion in a various ſhape
Some ſink, ſome Yield, and flying ſome Eſcape:
Europe and *Africa* from either Shore
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar,
While the divided World, in this, agree,
Men that fight ſo, deſerve to Rule the Sea.

But neerer Home, thy Pencil uſe once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* Shore;
The World they compaſs'd, while they fought with *Spain*,
But here already they reſign the Main:
Thoſe greedy Mariners, out of whoſe way,
Diffuſive Nature could no Region lay,
At home, preſerv'd, from Rocks and Tempeſts lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their Beds to die;
Their ſingle Towns th' *Iberian* Armies preſs't,
We all their Provinces at once Inveſt,
And in a Month, Ruine their Traffique, more,
Then that long War, could in an Age before.
But who can always on the Billows ly?
The watry Wilderneſs yields no ſupply;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Britiſh* Court,

Th' Illuſtrious

Th' Illuſtrious Dutcheſs, and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs, adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, ſince the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen;
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Powers for us themſelves declare,
Reſolv'd the Aid of *Neptune*'s Court to bring,
And help the Nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring:
The Souldier here his waſted Store ſupplies,
And takes new Valour from the Ladies Eyes:
Mean while, like Bees, when ſtormy Winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)
Deſert their Ports, and falling in their way
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flouriſh they, before th' appoaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.
To check their Pride, our Fleet half Victuall'd goes,
Enough to ſerve us, till we reach our Foes,
Who now appear, ſo numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater Force, then that which here we find,
Ne're preſs'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wiud.
Reſtrain'd a while by the unwelcom Night,
Th' impatient *Engliſh* ſcarce attend the Light;

But now the Morning, Heav'n ſeverely clear,
To the fierce Work Indulgent does appear;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might ſee, and thus Record the Fight:

As when loud Winds from different Quarters ruſh,
Vaſt Clouds incountring, one another cruſh,
With ſwelling Sails, ſo, from their ſeveral Coaſts,
Joyn the *Batavian*, and the *Britiſh* Hoaſts;
For a leſs Prize, with leſs Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
Theſe for the Old, Contend, and for the New:
At the firſt Shock, with Blood, and Powder ſtain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her Viſage change:
Where burning Ships the baniſh'd Sun ſupply,
And no Light ſhines, but that by which Men dy,
There *YORK* appears, ſo prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood, as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to Him, ſo many Ages told,
Has through the Veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd;

The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield
And Arms had wrought; yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts, and Darts, which the weak *Phrygians* threw;
Our bolder *Heroe* on the Deck does ſtand
Expos'd, the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defenſive Arms laid by, as uſeleſs here,
Where maſsie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do tear:
Some Power unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their Country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt Him firſt *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late Succeſs againſt the *Swedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to periſh by a Princes Hand:
The tall *Batavian* in a vaſt Ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow Sides,
Yet not inclin'd the *Engliſh* Ship to Board,
More on his Guns relies, then on his Sword,
From whence a fatal Volley we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the Duke, but His great Heart it griev'd,
Three worthy Perſons from His Side it tore,
And dy'd His Garment with their ſcatter'd Gore:
Happy! to whom this glorious Death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſand Lives!

On such a Theatre, as this, to dy,
For such a Cause, and such a Witness by!
Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on such an Altar laid?
The rest about Him strook with Horrour stood,
To see their Leader cover'd or'e with Blood;
So trembl'd *Jacob*, when he thought the stains
Of his Sons Coat had issu'd from his Veins:
He feels no wound, but in his troubled Thought,
Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,
His Friends in pieces torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eyes he views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their Truth,
The Joys of Court, their Mothers, and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives,
He storms, and Shoots; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too slow;
They miss, or sweep but Common Souls away,
For such a Loss, *Opdam* his Life must pay:
Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the Guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm:

His winged Veſſel like an Eagle ſhows,
When through the Clouds to truſs a Swan ſhe goes;
The *Belgian* Ship unmov'd, like ſome huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the Shock:
From both the Fleets Mens Eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the Buſineſs of the day,
Bullets their Flight, and Guns their Noiſe ſuſpend,
The ſilent Ocean does th' Event attend,
Which Leader ſhall the Doubtful Vict'ry bleſs,
And give an Earneſt of the Wars Succeſs;
When Heav'n it ſelf for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;
Their new Commander from his Charge is toſt,
Which that young Prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe Great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct ſway'd their Infant State.
His flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aſpiring *Belgian* took,
But fell, like *Phaeton*, with Thunder ſtrook,
From vaſter hopes than his, He ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the *Britiſh* Admiral;
From her Broad-ſides a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun;
That bears the radiant Enſign of the Day,
And ſhe the Flag that Governs in the Sea.

The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire ſhould thus prevent
The work which for His brighter Sword He meant,
Anger ſtill burning in His valiant Breaſt,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the Reſt;
So on the guardleſs Herd, their Keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.

The *Dutch* accuſtom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black Storms the Frowns of Heav'n to ſee,
Never met Tempeſt which more urg'd their Fears,
Than that which in the Prince His Look appears;

Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* He reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down, to ſcourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that Led, and thoſe that gave them Aid;

Where He gives on, diſpoſing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the Throne to which he does Appeal;

The Sea with Spoil His angry Bullets ſtrow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before His Ship, Fragments of Veſſels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcaſſes are born,
And His deſpairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvaſe to invite the Wind:

So

So the rude *Boreas* where he lists to blow
Makes Clouds above, and Billows fly below,
Beating the shore, and with a boysterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth and Sea ingage:
The *Dutch* elsewhere, did through the watry Field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *English* Courage growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter takes delight,
Their bloody Task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by Death, or Victory:
Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like show'rs of Hail from either side are born;
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers Bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their ruine, Every Age
Improves the Arts, and Instruments of Rage;
Death-hast'ning ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet Men still a thousand more invent.
But *Bacchus* now, which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun;
Brandee and Wine, their wonted Friends, at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength:
So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raise themselves with moderate Showers;

But over-charg'd with never-ceasing Rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again:
Their reeling Ships on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruine all:
Of this Disorder, and the favouring Wind,
The watchful *English* such Advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the Heap they throw,
And up the so intangled *Belgians* blow;
The Flame invades the Powder-rooms, and then
Their Guns shoot Bullets, and their Vessels Men;
The scorch't *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to pass in *Charon*'s Boat.
And now our Royal Admiral, Success
With all the marks of Victory does bless;
The burning Ships, the taken, and the slain
Proclaim His Triumph o're the Conquer'd Main:
Neerer to *Holland* as their hasty flight
Carries the Noise and Tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, fore-runner of His Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amsterdam*;
The *British* Thunder does their Houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every Door to knock;
His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
Threatning Destruction, hastens their Despair,

Makes

Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd Fleet as loſt,
And fear our preſent Landing on their Coaſt.
The Trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince behold
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rds their Fold;
Thoſe Piles which ſerve them to repel the Main
They think too weak His Fury to reſtrain:
What Wonders may not *Engliſh* Valour work,
Led by th' Example of Victorious *YORK*?
Or what Defence againſt Him can they make,
Who at ſuch diſtance does their Country ſhake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe:
Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to Command the Deep,
B'aming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Thoſe Arms which freed them from the *Spaniſh* Yoke.

Painter, excuſe me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you Draw Arm'd *Heroes* as they fit,
The Task in Battel does the Muſes fit;
They in the dark Confuſion of a Fight
Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to Write,

And Light and Honour to Brave Actions yield,
Hid in the Smoak and Tumult of the Field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leaders Toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muſes ſmile;
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace,
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.
Then Draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above Them ſet,
Like young *Auguſtus* let His Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea,
Where *Ægypts* Queen, and Eaſtern Kings o'rethrown.
Made the Poſſeſsion of the World His own.
Laſt Draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treaſure to Supply His Fleet;
They vow, with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their Kings Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Preſent to the Duke approve
His Valour, Conduct, and His Countries Love.

TO

To the King.

GREAT SIR, Diſdain not in this Piece to Stand
Supream Commander both of Sea and Land:
Thoſe which Inhabit the Celeſtial Bower,
Painters expreſs with Emblems of their Power;
His Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy You.
But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Repreſent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps You waking, to ſecure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades Increaſe;
You for theſe Ends whole days in Counſel Sit,
And the Diverſions of Your Youth forget.
Small were the worth of Valour, and of Force,
If Your High Wiſdom Govern'd not their Courſe;
You as the Soul, as the Firſt Mover You
Vigour and Life on every Part beſtow,
How to build Ships, and Dreadful Ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the Artiſts, and Reward their Haſte:
So *Jove* Himſelf, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit *Vulcan*'s ſmoaky Cave,

Teaching the Brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terrour, Wrath, and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* discover'd Your Abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that small Island they had look'd with scorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thunderer born.

FINIS.

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